

**must've been high when i met you (out of my mind
when i decided to love you) by brawls (brawlite),
ToAStranger**

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Summary:

Billy knows he's in trouble-- he knows, even though, like, he's probably been ignoring it for a while-- the day he walks in after a long fucking shift at the autobody shop to find Steve Harrington fucking high as shit and jerking off in Billy's bed when he's got his own room to get off in. He's gorgeous and glorious, sprawled out over Billy's sheets, hand around his cock, shiny with slick, and working himself slow like he was just waiting.

And, like, Billy's not even mad. Not even a little.

**must've been high when i met you (out of my mind
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Billy knows he's in trouble-- *he knows*, even though, like, he's probably been ignoring it for a *while*-- the day he walks in after a long fucking shift at the autobody shop to find Steve Harrington fucking *high as shit* and *jerking off* in *Billy's bed* when he's got his own room to get off in. He's gorgeous and *glorious*, sprawled out over Billy's sheets, hand around his cock, shiny with slick, and working himself *slow* like he was just *waiting*.

And, like, Billy's not even *mad*. Not even a little.

Not that Steve *obviously* got into his stash. Not that Steve is *making a mess* out of his bed. Not that he *got started* without *Billy*.

Fact is, that's the moment Billy *knows* he's fucked because it's the best thing he's seen *ever*. Knowing that it means, at the end of it, he's gonna get Steve Harrington, rich bitch, prettiest fucking thing Billy's ever laid eyes on, fucked out and curled up next to him all night and that's--

Fuck, that's, like, *all Billy wants*, right now.

Other than, maybe, getting a hot shower and getting his dick wet. Not necessarily in that order.

"Hey, *Harrington*," Billy says, sweet as sugar.

Steve looks up, but his hand doesn't stop moving on his dick. He's got himself slicked up, real nice and good.

"Need any help with that, or you got it under control?" Billy asks, even though there's no way he's going to let Steve dismiss him, not when Steve's in his bed, not when Steve looks like such a treat.

Steve arches, all nice and slow, groans as he stretches out, and Billy tries to remember when he became such a *brat*. "I think I gotta handle on it."

"I think you're a dirty fucking *liar*," Billy says.

Billy sheets, worn and soft as they are, look like a work of art with the way they are pooling around Steve's bare legs. Very *look, but don't touch*.

But Billy's never been good at following the rules.

So, he stalks forward, until he's flush with the bed and looking down at Steve, watching the lazy, slow movements of his hand.

"How long?" Billy asks, wanting to know how long Steve's *been* like this. How much Billy has missed.

Steve's lashes flutter, eyes a little glazed, and his breath catches and stalls in his chest, cock weeping from the tip, joining in the slick slide of his hand as he hums. "I dunno. A *while*."

And sure, Billy's all dirty, all gross and sweaty from the shop, but he doesn't *care*. Can't bring himself to.

He reaches down, pushes Steve hand out of the way so that he can feel Steve for himself, so he can drag his calloused fingers over Steve's slick length. And he feels so *good*, so hot and so wet underneath Billy's touch.

"Baby, *look* at you," Billy says, because he *is* looking, because he's ravenous.

Steve's mouth falls open as he gasps, a shudder quelling up through his pelvis to his chest as his hands fall to the sheets and curl into fists, bunching the material up. It tells Billy he's been here for a little longer than a *while*. Speaks of all kinds of *waiting*.

"Thought I--" Steve moans when Billy squeezes at him. "Thought I said I got it."

"Oh, I'm *sure* you had it under control. But you're in *my* bed, baby," and if that's not an invitation for Billy, he doesn't know what is. "So, have you been trying to see how many times you can get yourself off, or have you been holding off? Trying to save it for me?"

Steve always brings out the worst in him, Billy thinks, as he feels he heat catch fire in his belly, as he feels the possessiveness flare.

He squeezes maybe a little too hard, flicks his nail over Steve's head just to hear him gasp. Works him a little faster.

Steve chokes on a sound, throat working around it, and he bucks up into Billy's touch. Billy thinks maybe he wouldn't be so awful if Steve didn't make it so *easy*. If he didn't goad him on. If he didn't *like* it so much when Billy got his hands on him. *Maybe*.

"Waiting," Steve says, squirming, eyes bright on Billy's face past the haze of his high. "I've been *waiting*."

Billy can only imagine.

"Well, then," Billy says, all *nice* as he slides onto the bed, straddling Steve's thighs. As he picks up his pace. "You wanna come, then? Want me to get you off?"

God, he wants to *ruin* Steve.

"Yes," Steve gasps, hips stuttering to meet his touch, fingers curling tighter.

Billy knows how close Steve is, knows how strung out he's made himself. They've been doing this for long enough, fucking each other for long enough, that Billy knows Steve's body way too well.

So he jerks him faster, twists his wrist at the end of each stroke just the way Steve likes.

"Come on, baby," Billy says, pushing Steve to the edge. "Come for me."

Steve arches like a bow stringing tight. All lithe muscle, filled out in ways that contrast with Billy's bulk, straining up as he chases that final push. Billy can see it, can *feel* it, when he's right on the edge. In the way his face twists and his muscles shake and his breath stalls.

Billy could pull off, could take it from him.

But he could do something else, too.

Fast, he moves down, bends at the waist, shuffles back, and gets his mouth around Steve's cock. Keeps pumping him with his fist but gives him somewhere to come.

“Ah, *fuck*,” Steve curses, a hand flying to Billy's hair and sinking in, fingers winding *tight* as Steve spills out with a guttural sound. “*Billy*.”

And *that's* what he's after. That rapture, that *worship*, in Steve's voice when he says his name.

Billy swallows him down greedily, like he's hungry after a day at work.

He relishes the feeling of Steve's fingers in his hair, in the way Steve's cock twitches on his tongue. He savors the way Steve's noises turn a little pained as Billy *keeps* sucking. Even after Steve is through.

Like Billy's trying to milk him for more.

After an orgasm like that, after edging himself for hours, it must have been a good one. Must have hurt a little.

So, naturally, for a guy like Billy, one's not *nearly* enough.

Steve's fingers curl *tighter*. His voice pitches *higher*. He pulls, savage, at Billy's curls and hisses.

“Billy--” he gasps, a whine catching in his throat as his cock twitches, half hard as his body tries to come back down, voice pitching with warning. “*Billy-- what--?*”

Billy knows it hurts, knows Steve's all over sensitive and fucked out.

But he's not *done*.

Not by a long shot.

So, Billy keeps working Steve over. He gives him a hot second to settle, and then starts blowing him again for real, like he's trying to get him off. Good and sloppy and wet. Like he never even came at

all.

The pain of Steve pulling at his hair is only *encouragement*, really.

The muscles in Steve's thighs twitch, spasm, and then splay out. He shoves at one of Billy's shoulders, grunt catching in his mouth when it doesn't dislodge him. His nails rake over his scalp and he spits another curse as he flops back, head lulling. The muscles in his legs jump as Billy gives him a hint of teeth, a cry of a sound ripping from him, and he *slaps* at Billy's shoulder, thrashes as his toes curl, as Billy's pins his hips down.

"Stop-- *Stop it--*" Steve says, voice breathless, and his eyes roll back as Billy *sucks*. "Fuck-- *fuck*, Billy, *c'mon--*"

It's not that they really ever get up to *much* other than fucking each other's brains out. But sometimes they go a little harder than handjobs and blowjobs and enthusiastic sex. Sometimes Billy wants to *push* Steve. Wants to do something like this, wants to have him until he's begging Billy to stop.

Red's their word, *red* is what will make Billy pull off instantly and reevaluate. *Red'll* make him get Steve some water, some juice, really whatever the fuck Steve wants.

But Steve isn't *saying* that. He's not *saying* anything other than the *please* Billy hears underneath all those pleas.

So he holds Steve down, loving the way he's squirming under Billy's hands, and goes to fucking *town*.

It takes a while before Steve's fully hard again. Not that Billy ever really gave him a chance to get *soft*, not fully, stimulating nerves while they're at their most sensitive until Steve is gasping. But it takes a bit of *effort* to get Steve filling out against his tongue again--effort Billy's fully willing to *give* if it means Steve will whisper his name like he's got some urgent, terrible secret to tell him.

Earns him nails to his shoulder, biting even through the cotton of his shirt. Earns him a hand fisted into the hair at the back of his head, pulling growing *feeble* as Billy hollows his cheeks around him. Earns

him a *sob* of a sound as Steve smacks at his shoulder again, legs kicking, *scratching* at him through his shirt like *he's a bitch*. Billy really thought he taught Steve better than this.

But Steve's head is lulling back and forth against the bed, his neck and chest flush, and Billy can feel his cock *pulse* against his tongue. "Fuckfuckfuck," Steve breathes, straining against Billy's grip at his hips; they're both gonna be rocking marks from this.

Billy kinda fucking *loves* it when Steve leaves his mark on Billy's skin.

He shouldn't. He really shouldn't. But he *does*.

It's always nice when Steve's dick is totally hard, because that means Billy can get it in his throat. It means that every little buck of Steve's hips could have him choking, gagging. And he shouldn't like *that*, either, but he does. It makes him feel a little gross, but in the good way, the hot way that gets underneath his skin and *burns*.

Billy gets his hands underneath Steve's ass and lifts his hips up, encouraging him to buck, to take, to *fuck* Billy's mouth.

Steve bares his teeth, shaking as his hips lurch upward. It takes him a second to fall into rhythm, to start sliding past the stretch of Billy's lips proper, but then he's chasing the edge again-- fucking up into Billy's mouth, pulling Billy down, *taking* instead of *fighting it*. *Giving in*.

Moans as he falls into the pleasure of it, instead of struggling against the bliss Billy is offering. The bed groans and creaks a little beneath them, accompanying the slick sound of Billy's mouth around Steve's cock, and the breathy, needy noises Steve just can't bite back. Right at the edge again and barely hanging on.

Billy does his best to push Steve, to get him to teeter over the edge again. He squeezes Steve's ass, gets his fingers into the nice meat of it, and relishes the way Steve groans.

His mouth is hot and wet, dripping spit from the sides with how messy he's being, but he likes it like that, knows the sounds drive Steve crazy.

Billy urges Steve forward with his tongue, with a needy groan, like he can't wait to taste Steve again. And then again and again and again -- not that Steve *knows* Billy's plan for the evening.

It works-- because it *always* works-- Steve's fucking *easy*, and as often as he sticks his nose up and calls Billy *gross*, he *likes it*. Steve's voice catches and then shatters, hips driving up, and he comes hard and fast as pleasure quakes through him. Spilling out into Billy's mouth with a groan.

Billy swallows and swallows, catching every last drop of Steve's come, lapping it from his twitching dick with a hungry tongue.

Because he's *nice*, because he's goddamn *charitable*, he eases off a bit. Just tongues lazily over Steve's cock and keeps him warm in his mouth while he comes down from it. While his cock starts to soften.

Steve lets out a breath like relief. Like it's kicked out of him. Billy only knows the sound because he's heard it before, when they were younger and Billy was meaner, in a different way to the type of sadism Steve seems to draw from him now.

Tommy told him once, when he and Steve were still on the outs, that Steve was like a puppy. You just wanted to pull his tail and hear him yelp.

Billy always kinda thought Tommy was one step away from being a total psycho.

As Billy gentles, Steve does, too. His breath steadies, and his fingers drag through his hair, soothing.

"Billy," he slurs, shivering, expectant. "C'mere."

Billy doesn't think he could pull his mouth from Steve's cock if he *wanted* to.

Which he *really* doesn't.

Best thing he's had since Steve bought them steaks at some fancy restaurant last month. More mouth watering, too.

So, Billy just doesn't move. Just keeps his mouth on Steve and swallows again, just to create a *bit* of suction.

Steve falters. Stiffens. Sucks in a sharp, short breath.

"Billy," he says, voice rough, like he's warning him-- but he's shaking, so it sounds more like he's begging him. "I'm good. C'mere. Let me--"

Billy lets himself laugh. Pleased as punch around Steve's cock. He pinches at Steve's thigh, not too hard, just so Steve knows he's grinning, that he's *playing*.

Playing, like a cat who's caught a mouse. Torturing it a little before devouring it whole.

Then, Billy decides Steve's had enough rest. He starts lapping at him again, starts sucking. Starts playing with the head of his cock, where it's *real* sensitive, with his tongue.

"*Billy*," Steve yelps, right knee jerking, and when Billy looks, Steve's eyes are wide. "Don't."

So, he keeps his eyes on Steve, not even blinking, and *sucks*, right at the head, like a goddamn lollipop.

Steve sobs. Whatever ease was in his body is suddenly and immediately *gone*. He spasms, gasping out, and winds tight as he *shakes*. Shoves at Billy's shoulders and squirms like he's *actually trying to get away*.

But Billy is stronger, bigger, bulkier. He's got so much muscle on Steve it's not even *funny*. He's also hella determined for this meal, for this treat of his. And this is, honestly, a huge part of it. He loves the way Steve sounds *broken*, loves the way he feels when he's squirming underneath Billy. Loves this, loves --

-- well.

He loves *this*, anyway.

He distracts himself from that line of thinking by being a little more forceful. Steve's cock twitches in his mouth as Billy laps over him, as

he savors the way Steve's flesh yields to his attentions.

At first, Steve is helpless to it. Squirms a bit, whining from the back of his throat and choking on the way his breath hiccups out of him, spent and oversensitive.

But then-- then he gets vicious. Then he gets *petty*.

Yanks at Billy's hair, sharp enough to make him wince. Tries to hook his feet under him to shove him off. *Pulls* at his *ear* when Billy barely budes.

It's like fucking high school *all over again*.

It's kind of a shitty idea on Steve's part, because he *knows* Billy loves a good fight. And he *knows* that Billy loves a good fight out of *Steve* of all people. With Steve, it's *fun*. With Steve, it's addictive.

Billy practically rides Steve's legs, keeping them from thrashing too much, grunting each time Steve pulls too hard at his hair. It's so *good*.

It's suddenly impossible to not think about how *hard* he is in his pants. With every jerk, every buck, ever flurry of motion, Billy is reminded of it. Cock grinding painfully against too-tight jeans. It's *perfect*.

If Steve thinks Billy is *done*, he's got another thing coming. Two isn't *nearly* enough.

But Billy *does* pull off, just for a second, just so he can laugh, so he can bite at Steve's hip with mean, hungry teeth.

"Quit squirming, princess. I'm not even *close* to done with you," Billy warns.

Steve twists his hips, tries to angle away, and *actually* pushes at Billy's face with a hand, barking out an incredulous laugh. "Stop *squirming*? Get off my *dick*, then, *jesus*, Billy."

"Get out of my *bed*, then," Billy says -- but he doesn't give Steve any space to leave.

Doesn't let him go, doesn't let him up.

He *does* lean down again, and breathe, hot and heavy, over Steve's cock. Steve *whimpers*.

Whimpers and his fingers twitch and his abdomen flexes right as he tries to curl in and *away*.

He takes a shaky breath, and then pulls at Billy's ear again-- though without the same vicious, desperate force as before.

"C'mon," he says, all big eyes and rough voice, cautious like an animal pinned by a predator. *Bargaining*. "You're gonna have to strap me down if you want me to stop squirming. You're *hard*. Lemme-- lemme get you off, baby."

Pity for Steve: Billy *loves* the way he squirms.

"Nah," Billy says, drawing the word out long and slow.

He kisses at Steve's hip, licks along the line of it, the divot in his skin. He moves to the other side of Steve's body and does the same. And then he pulls his tongue over Steve's length, greedy. Unrelenting.

"I can wait," Billy says, and then takes Steve back into his mouth.

Steve lets out a strangled sob. A half cry of a sound. His hands flutter to Billy's shoulders, clutching and digging his fingers in there--

"Billy, *stop*, I-- I can't--" but he's already filling out again, warm and heavy on Billy's tongue, even as his fingers curl and uncurl in his shirt. "C'mon, Billy-- *c'mon*."

Billy can only imagine how it feels -- and that just makes him *ache* -- so he just sucks Steve harder.

He loves the way Steve grows in his mouth, the way a little give becomes less and less, until the hardness of Steve's cock fills him up. Billy swallows him down, lapping, sucking, licking, like he just can't get enough.

As a distraction, he drags his fingernails down Steve's thighs and

relishes the way Steve bucks into his mouth. Steve keens, shuddering out, like his body doesn't know what to do with it all, and he cranes his head back against the bed and gasps and gasps and *gasps*.

His legs splay out, knees drawing up, and he writhes. Arches and strains, pants open mouthed and helpless, as Billy draws pleasure out of him.

It's gotta feel *so good*. It's gotta hurt *so bad*.

Billy *kinda* is a little jealous, right now. Because he *knows* he gives great head and it *really* seems like Steve isn't appreciating it to its full extent.

Which only eggs Billy on. Only makes him pull out the stops. Really gets him doing all those little things Steve likes. Like swirling his tongue around the head of Steve's cock, like using a little bit of teeth, like moaning around him like he's a delicious dessert.

Billy *even* lets his fingers slide from where they're holding Steve's ass just a little further, until they're in the crack of Steve's ass. Until they're grazing his hole while Billy sucks him down.

"Don't--" Steve sucks in a breath, sobs it back out, and *breaks*.

Comes with Billy's name spilling over his lips over and over. Comes with a lovely arch, collapsing back with a moan, trembling under him. Comes with his eyes rolling back.

Comes and *cries* when Billy doesn't let up. Sucks him through it, *milks* it out of him. Breaks apart into hitching, sobbing breaths, tears on his cheeks.

This time, Billy does give him a reprieve. He sucks him through it, mouths over him once he comes, and then he pulls off Steve's dick with a *pop*.

Pleased as punch, Billy looks up at Steve, watching the way his eyes close, the way he breathes shakily through it. He lays there, placid and loose on the bed, steadying himself.

"Billy," he says, voice a mess, and it sounds like *please*.

“What do you want, baby?” Billy asks.

Not that he has any intention of giving Steve anything other than what *Billy* wants.

“Come here,” Steve breathes, eyes wet when he looks at him, reaching out. “Please? Come here.”

And okay, Steve can do *that*. But only because he knows he’s not *done*. Not quite yet.

So he crawls up Steve’s body, dips down and kisses him, gentle and sweet on the lips. Because Steve asked so nicely. He even said *please*.

Steve Harrington is fucking *adorable* sometimes.

He sighs against Billy’s mouth. Goes soft in a way he usually *doesn’t* until they’re *done*, and drapes his arms around Billy in a loose, lazy way. Steals another kiss, licking at Billy’s mouth, like he’s trying to savor it.

For a moment, a brief fucking *moment*, Billy wonders what it would be like to kiss Steve like this *just because*. Wonders what it would be like to have him loose and lazy like this in the mornings, or as they’re falling asleep. Wonders what it would be like if this wasn’t what it was.

It’s frighteningly easy to *want*. To yearn. To kiss Steve like this and imagine *more*.

But Billy doesn’t *have* more. He just has what he has and tries, generally, to not fucking pine about it.

He’s a busy guy, anyway. He doesn’t have *time* to waste dreaming about things he doesn’t have.

Sharp teeth pull at Harrington’s lip as Billy pulls back from the kiss.

“*Hey*,” Billy says, grinning.

Steve smiles up at him, dopey and sweet, curving a hand against his jaw and kissing the corner of his mouth. “Hi.”

Billy adores when Steve gets like this. All sweet and stupid from an orgasm.

"How you doing?" Billy asks.

"Better, now." Steve says, breathing out slow, drawing Billy in for another kiss. "Green day. Just wanna forget for a while."

Billy's known Steve long enough, has lived with him long enough, has been *fucking* him long enough to know what that means. Knows that *orange days* are good, and that *yellow days* are the ones Steve needs to be alone on. Knows that *green days* are the ones he should be *watched*.

The green meanies, he calls them. Some shit his mom told him, when he was a rugrat, about her own mood swings and that Steve eventually adopted as code.

He's gone and done some *stupid shit* on green days, before.

In retrospect, distracting *himself* on Billy's bed is a pretty good way to spend it. Getting high and jacking off is better than some of the other shit Billy's caught him doing. *Way* better than some of the stuff he knows about but wasn't exactly *around for*.

They haven't always been friends-- certainly not friends that fucked. Not even when they first moved in together in their crappy two bedroom, one bath apartment in La Jolla.

To have Steve feel *safe enough* to come to *Billy's bed* on a day where he feels like barely moving-- well. It says a lot about how far they've come.

There's a lot of trust there, which is something Billy never thought he'd have from Steve. Or from anyone, really, full stop.

Anyway, Billy is more than willing to be a distraction. Or to be one of the stupid things Steve does when he's having a day.

"I *think* I can help out with that, but only because I'm feeling *real* generous" Billy says, instead of pointing out that Steve originally said he had a handle on it. That he didn't need any help.

Billy's not a nice guy, but for Steve? Well -- that's a whole other category.

He kisses Steve again, savoring the way his lips are tired and slack, easy under Billy's tongue. Then, he moves to Steve's jaw, then his throat. He crowds over him, presses him down against the mattress real good, using his weight to push Steve down, to cage him in.

Steve shudders, letting out a breathy sound as Billy presses him down. His fingers splay out over Billy's back and then curl, tugging at his shirt, trying to get at skin. Tilting his head back and offering up his throat for him.

Billy breaks for a moment, just to pull his shirt over his head. He knows he's sweaty, knows he smells like a full day of work, but Steve's never seemed to mind that so Billy can't bring himself to care.

Fingers now digging into the skin on his back, Billy sinks his teeth into Steve's neck. Not hard enough to pierce skin, but hard enough to retaliate against all that hair pulling. Hard enough to get Steve to groan, loud and shaky.

Steve arches, slow and sinuous, hissing as Billy licks over his own teeth marks. Says his name again, too, soft and shivering.

It's all the encouragement Billy needs to sink down Steve's body again, biting pale skin as he goes. He gets to Steve's hips and splays his hands there, holding him down, trapping him against the sea of cotton.

"I'm gonna take you apart," Billy warns, pressing a kiss to Steve's hip, sucking until the skin there turns red, angry, raw.

Steve nods, hapless and helpless, fingers curling into the sheets as he watches him. Nods like he wants it. Like that's what he needs. Billy can feel the tension pulling taut under his skin, in his muscles.

His breath is already coming short and sharp. Shuddering out of him like he's bracing himself.

Billy doesn't waste time teasing. He gets his mouth on Steve's cock, lapping at the soft skin, knowing it'll be a while until he can bring

Steve back to hardness.

But that's ok. Billy's *patient*.

When he *wants* to be, anyhow.

He gets his lips around Steve, easily taking all of him in, tongue tracing over the head of his cock, swirling and flicking over sensitive nerves. Steve keens, gasping in a wrecked and ragged sound.

His reaction is instant. His knees jerk together, thighs pressing into Billy's sides, and he flops back with a noise that's pained and completely breathless. Covers his face with his hands to muffle the sounds, abdomen trembling as his nerves spark *fire*.

Billy *loves* taking Steve apart like this. It's something he doesn't do too often, but wishes he did *more*. But it requires them both to be in a particular mindset. Billy: patient, hungry, giving. Steve: strung out and willing to trust Billy to take him through it.

Billy's never once led him astray.

"Lube," Billy says, breaking off from Steve for only long enough to get the word out.

He even reaches a hand up Steve's chest and grabs at the air, telling Steve he wants it *now*.

Steve scrambles, whining when Billy gets his mouth back on him. He fishes a hand beneath one of the pillows and then passes the bottle down, spasming and giving a low groan when Billy *sucks*-- practically dropping the bottle into his hand in order to find an anchor in the sheets again.

Billy *wishes* Steve would just pull his hair instead of ruining his sheets, but that's fine, it just means Billy has to work harder.

He just sucks Steve for a little while, playing with him with his tongue until he gets a little harder, though by no means as close to as hard as he had been when Billy first got his hands on him. It keeps earning him those breathless, high sounds out of Steve's mouth, too, so.

It's perfect. The way he sounds. The way his body strains like it wants more but it's *so much* already that it borders on agony. The sweat on Steve's skin. The way his cock is still slightly soft.

Steve Harrington is like a *wet dream*.

A little greedily, Billy shifts so he can grind his cock against the bed, needing *some* relief for himself. But not too much -- he's not like Steve. Can't get off like this, multiple times, so easily. So he waits -- and teases himself a little.

Billy pops open the bottle of lube and gets his fingers slick, sliding them underneath Steve to the curve of his ass, wet digits sliding over his hole as he works Steve over with his tongue, swallowing and swallowing.

Steve spits out a curse, hissing. His fingers sink into Billy's hair again, pulling in measured, gentle tugs. His head has fallen back again, and his mouth is open as he pants and pulls taut under Billy's attention.

"Please. *Please*." He says, between gasps, rocking for it.

And *that's* what Billy wanted.

Steve begging and begging and pulling at Billy's hair.

Nicely, Billy gives him what he wants. Slides a finger slowly inside him while he sits Steve's cock on his tongue. Not sucking, not licking, just warming him up, giving him something to squirm against.

Steve doesn't disappoint.

He *writhes*, legs falling open, head lulling to the side as he squeezes eyes shut. His hips cant at an angle, lurching into a stuttering buck, that has him sobbing-- pleasure overwhelming and all over. He pulls at Billy's hair in rhythm with the slide of Billy's finger as he works him open, steady and just shy of *gentle*.

Steve's always so perfectly tight, first off, before his body yields to Billy. And *maybe* Billy likes taunting him about being a virgin, he's so tight, and *maybe* that usually gets Steve going -- but right now Billy's mouth is full and he's got *manners* so he doesn't say a thing, just

works Steve open and gets him nice and loose with one finger.

Steve's half hard and shivering by the time he gets more urgent. Like Billy's building the pressure in him higher and *higher* and he *can't take it*, so he pulls a little firmer at Billy's hair, rocks a bit more, and *whines*.

"C'mon-- please, Billy, more, *please*."

And Billy's *nice*, so he slides out his first finger and breaches Steve with two. But he's not nice enough to slide them right in. No, he just *stretches*, Steve. Playing with his hole, with the nerves there, with the way Steve twitches and gasps and whimpers.

Steve chokes on a cry of a sound. Jerks, trying to get *more*, and turns to press his cheek against the sheets, panting, when Billy doesn't *give it*.

"*Please*," he says, thighs trembling, tightening around his fingers like he's trying to show Billy how *good*, how *tight* he'd be. "Need it. *C'mon, please, Billy*."

Billy teases him like that for a little while, until Steve's hips are bucking up into his mouth, until he's a little harder still, until he's nearly gagging Billy again with how much he's wriggling and bucking.

Only then does Billy relent, sliding two fingers smoothly into Steve's body, savoring the tightness, the heat. Instantly, Steve spasms around him, muscles fluttering as he moans in something like relief. His fingers lock up in Billy's hair, before unwinding, stroking through like an apology. Like he's *grateful*.

Billy's fingers slide against the muscled walls, stretching, teasing, slowly fucking. He *knows* Steve's loves getting fingered, knows he gets real *sweet* about it. It's so easy: once Billy learned how, he was able to play Steve like an instrument, composing masterpieces of moans and whimpers and whines.

And he knows just how to do that.

Swiftly, Billy beings fucking Steve with his fingers while working him

over with his tongue, until his cock is hot and heavy on Billy's tongue.

Steve's toes curl as he tosses his head back. Each breath comes painted with pleasure, bliss in every shaking line of him. He says Billy's name like a prayer, a benediction, like Billy is his *god*. Curses his name as he worships it on the same breath, with the same moan, until his eyes roll back and he bucks up and falls to pieces.

Billy swallows him down, fucks him through it. Giving as good as he gets, with all those prayers Steve is saying for him.

He even slows down as Steve comes down from it, limiting his movements to something slow and easy. Just savoring the way Steve's body moves, the way it feels.

Billy laps at him, lazy, with his tongue. Barely even moves his fingers other than to slowly slide, to stretch.

Steve rocks with it. Lovely and slow, like when Billy fucks him in the mornings sometimes after a night of hitting the bars. Gasps and spasms through it. Eyes dazed and body pliant.

He whines, from the back of his throat, can barely move from the bliss of it, pawing at Billy's shoulders.

"Baby-- Billy, *baby*," his voice is a complete mess, his eyes wet; Billy *did* that. "Please. Wanna feel you. Wanna-- Billy, please."

And how could anyone say *no* to *that*?

"Just like this, baby? Or you want me to stretch you out a little more?"

With only two fingers, Steve'll be a little tight. But they fuck enough that it's not impossible. That it'll feel *so good*.

"Just like this," Steve says, coaxing him. "Just like this."

Billy breathes out, shaky just with the anticipation.

Steve's so goddamn *good*. Billy must've done something *great* in a past

life because he sure as hell didn't do anything in this one to deserve Steve Harrington like this.

Carefully, he pulls his fingers from Steve and gets himself out of his jeans. He doesn't even *bother* shedding them, enjoying some of the urgency of keeping them on. Of feeling like he's gotta fill Steve up *right now*.

With ample lube, he slicks up his cock, giving himself a few extra strokes because at this point, he's so *goddamn* hard it hurts.

Then, Billy, arranged between Steve's legs, lines himself up, and pushes in until the head of his dick breaches Steve. Pushing and pushing until Steve's body just *gives*.

Steve sucks in a breath and then *stops breathing*. His eyes go wide, *wide* as Billy presses in, lips parted as he stares up at him, tight and *impossibly* still once Billy slides home.

He spasms around him when Billy gives a little rock of his hips, then jerks, then flinches. Then-- the sweetest, broken moan *shakes* out of him.

Eyes squeezed shut, Steve's hands find Billy's shoulder and his back. He clutches at him, breath coming shallow, body a vice of wet heat. Muscles tensing and easing. Face a twist of ecstasy and agony.

Billy can only *imagine* how fucked out Steve is feeling, how sensitive. His nerves must be screaming -- as evidenced by the shine in his eyes, the way his voice breaks when he moans.

It's hard to not lose himself right there, Steve feels and looks and sounds so good.

But Billy wants to wring one more out of Steve before he gets there -- whether Steve likes it or not.

Fingers still slick with lube, Billy runs his fingers over Steve as he starts to move, slowly sliding into him, then out. It's so *hard* not to fuck him harder, hard not to take something for himself -- but Steve needs this. Needs Billy to do this for him.

Steve hiccups out a sob the second he touches him, legs tightening at his hips. Tremors shake through him, almost violently, and he shakes his head and digs his nails into Billy's skin.

"Don't," he gasps, as Billy rocks in again, his eyes rolling back as he groans. "*Don't*. Just-- god, Billy, just fuck me."

"Nah," Billy says, long and slow as he thumbs over the head of Steve's cock, nail dragging over the slit. "I think you've got another in you. Just for me, huh? I know you can."

Billy's hips snap, fucking into Steve hard, deep. Still brutally slow. The overstimulation's gotta be *torture*, Billy thinks.

"You're so fucking *pretty* like this, baby," Billy says.

"No," Steve says, completely breathless, like he's denying it, shaking his head again as tears slide wet and hot down his temples and into his hair. "Can't. M'not. *M'not*."

It's not often Billy gets him *quite* to this edge. To this fragile place where he could break with the right touch, with the right *word*. Desperate and *completely* overwhelmed.

His cock twitches under Billy's attention, and he jerks and goes *tighter* around him as he hisses in a breath. *Too much* written on his face. In his body. In the way his voice dips and breaks when he moans.

Still, Billy *moves*. Takes and touches and watches with greedy, hungry eyes. Watches as he shakes his head again and strains, mouth a wobble of bitten tender skin, gaze wet and glassy.

There's no way he's going to get hard again completely, but Billy knows from experience he can still get an orgasm out of Steve. Can still get him *screaming*.

"You can," Billy tells him. "You're gonna." And god, he missed talking to Steve when his mouth was busy. "Look at you, you're so fucking gorgeous, and you're going to look even better when you're coming for me."

The praise earns him a keening whine. A hopeless, almost despairing

sound. His nails drag blunt over Billy's skin, raking his shoulder and his back with pink lines. He struggles, bucking up, and ends up gasping and twitching and tensing as pleasure spikes through him. Moves with the drives of Billy's hips, the bed shifting beneath them, as Billy drags out slow, slow, *slow*, and drives in *hard*.

"Billy," he says, eyes fluttering, head craning back like he's baring his throat, voice leaving him with his breath when Billy drives in again. "*Billy.*"

And then *again*.

Each time, Billy's name echoes in the room, in his ears. It's fucking beautiful, just like Steve.

He swirls his thumb over Steve's head, enjoying the way his cock twitches in Billy's hand. He pours more lube over his fingers so they're real slick, sliding nice and easy over Steve's cock with the grossest of sounds.

"Baby," Billy says. "I *know* you can. For me, huh? Do it for me."

Steve's breath comes faster. Shorter. Shallows and hot as he pants with an open mouth. As each gasp comes twined with a whine, a moan, a keen of Billy's name. Like he's forgotten every word besides that.

He shakes his head again. Brows drawing together over big, dark, wet eyes. Jaw hanging loose as he tries to catch his breath, even as Billy fucks it out of him again, then again, *then again*.

But then his toes are curling to a point. His body goes rigid, breath stuttering and hiccuping, and Billy picks up the pace. Just a bit. Fucks him just a little faster, slides his hand over him to match the pace, feeling him twitch-- even soft and warm and spent as he is.

When Steve finally shatters again, it's fucking *breathtaking*. He cries out, sharp and suddenly, and Billy grinds in as Steve goes so tight it feels dangerous to *move*. He has barely anything left to give, hardly spills out, just a weak spurt between Billy's fingers and against his belly as he dissolves into a violent, helpless shaking.

Billy doesn't need anything more than that.

All it takes is a few more jerks of his hips and then he's coming too, filling Steve up and shaking with the punch of his own orgasm, seeing spots as he shudders and buries himself deep.

"Baby," Billy manages, as he lets himself fall on top of Steve, scooping him up, arms going tight around Steve's shaking form. "So good," Billy tells him, voice in his ear, lips pressing kisses to his temple. "You were so good. So good, baby."

Steve curls into him, shaking and voiceless. He presses his face to Billy's, eyes heavy as his breath hitches in and out of him. His entire body goes soft, sweet, pliant-- surrendering it to Billy's hands.

Steve is still so tight around him, it's all Billy can do not to groan.

Eventually Billy gets a hand free and uses it to push the sweaty hair back from Steve's face. He smooths his fingers over Steve's cheeks, his jaw. Leaning forward and pressing kisses to all the places he's touched.

"You're perfect," Billy says.

The moment feels so *raw*, so careful, that it's slightly terrifying.

Especially when Steve tucks his cheek against Billy's palm, lashes fluttering. When he whines and tilts his chin up, asking for a kiss without using any words at all. When he shudders and pulls him closer, like he *needs* Billy's weight holding him down.

The worst part is that Billy *knows* Steve well enough to know all of this. To be able to read him effortlessly and to know what he needs.

He *shouldn't*. But he does.

He kisses Steve senseless anyway. Even though it hurts a little to have him so needy, to see him so raw and pried open.

Billy presses him down to the bed with the full weight of his body. Kisses Steve. His lips. His cheeks. His eyelids.

Tells him how *good* he is, how good he was for Billy, too.

And Steve-- Steve *lets* him lay this affection on him. Lets his eyes fall heavy again as his breath comes easier. Lets Billy praise him and sooth him back down to earth-- even though, on normal days, he would bare his teeth and bite and deny until he was blue in the face. Shies from the kindness he *needs* and that Billy wants to *give him*.

But he's gentled under it, now. Softened into something Billy only gets to see in moments like this and, sometimes, in the mornings and late evenings. Defenses fallen completely at Billy's feet.

Billy has to be careful when Steve is like this-- which is just an excuse to treat him how he *wants* most days, to dote without Steve getting suspicious and turning it into some kind of game-- not that Billy hates that, either. But he has to be careful because Steve's *fragile* like this. So easily *breakable*.

And Billy might've wanted that, half a decade ago, but he doesn't want it now.

"Thank you," Steve finally finds his voice.

"Don't gotta thank me, baby," Billy says.

He doesn't kiss Steve's temple again, but he does just sort of press against him. Breathes against his skin with his nose to Steve's hairline.

Steve hums, turning his face and nosing at Billy's cheek.

"How're you feeling?" Billy asks. "I push you too hard?"

Asking for both of them, because Billy has to know he didn't break Steve. And Steve needs to know Billy's intent wasn't to do just that.

"No," Steve says, sighing and stretching a little. "M'good. Hurt just right."

"Good," Billy says.

And it is good. Steve, warm and easy underneath him, pressed down

against Billy's bed like he belongs there? It's good. It's perfect. It's exactly what Billy wants right now.

"You?" Steve asks, pressing his cheek to Billy's, eyes closed, dragging their faces together.

Billy savors the closeness, the way Steve's warmth seeps into him. They don't kiss too often afterward, but this is all Billy *really* needs. Just Steve. Just this moment.

"I'm good," Billy says. "Real good."

"Good," Steve breathes, stroking through his hair, limbs heavy; Billy feels him press a kiss to his ear. "Shoulda tied me down. Didn't mean to be so mean."

Billy shivers, goosebumps sliding down his spine.

"Mm. What do you mean? You love it when I'm mean, baby."

Steve kisses his ear again. "I didn't mean to be mean. It was just... a lot."

Billy chuckles, ignoring the way Steve's lips leave heat where they've pressed.

"You're fine, baby." Billy *loves* it when Steve gets mean, really. But he keeps that to himself. Steve's gotta know that by now, anyway. "Didn't wanna tie you down. Liked you just the way I had you."

"Yeah, you definitely seemed to," Steve hums, practically *purrs*, clenching up around him and gasping as the sensation backfires on him.

Billy grins, slow and wide.

"Still got some left in you?" he asks, rocking his hips ever so slightly.

Steve's eyes flutter, jaw winding tight, and he grunts, fingers flexing over Billy's skin. "No-- *God*, I can't-- I don't think I could come again."

Billy hums. Then, he leans down and catches Steve's lips in his own

for a slow kiss.

When he pulls back, he's grinning.

"I think you can," he says, rocking his hips. Not hard yet, but not soft either. He never quite got there, not with Steve around him like this.

Steve groans, eyes squeezing shut, thighs tightening at his hips. "Billy."

"It hurts too bad?" Billy asks, "Or just right?"

When Steve's meets his gaze again, his eyes are dark, and his lips part on a gasp as Billy ruts into him. An exquisite kind of agony on his face.

A hunger. For something that hurts just right. That feels so good it's almost like punishment.

"Good," Steve says, shivering. "S'good. Don't-- don't stop."

"Good, baby," Billy says, before leaning forward to catch Steve's lip between his teeth. He bites -- a little hard.

Steve is *so tight* and *so hot* it's goddamn sinful. With every roll of his hips, Billy's sure he's one step closer to hell -- but it's *worth it* for the way Steve keens, for the way he squirms underneath Billy. And Billy hasn't even started *playing* with him, yet.

"I think," Billy says, smile wide, "that you won't be done until I fuck you to unconsciousness, huh? Get you to come so many times you just *pass out*."

Steve *moans* like that's *exactly* what he wants. Moans like he doesn't want it *at all*.

He arches, fingers curling and nails biting blunt into his shoulders as Billy starts to fill out again. He shakes his head, throat working, and whimpers as Billy grinds into him, buried deep, pressing in all the worst ways that make Steve buck and jerk, cry silent and soft as he spasms around him.

It's strange, feeling and seeing Steve like this. It's like Billy's getting something special, something he doesn't deserve.

It's why he takes *care*, even if he knows his hands are too rough for this, his teeth too sharp.

"You're so good, baby," Billy says around a groan, as he ruts into Steve, harder and harder with each thrust. By the time he's driving home, he's aching again, nerves tingling with the spikes of pleasure he gets from each push.

Every time he drives in, every time he slides home into the welcoming, vice heat of Steve's body, Steve makes a broken sound. Like it's been knocked right out of him, sharp and high and breathless and *perfect*.

His eyes are wide, mouth open, and his knees draw higher, thighs tight at his waist as Billy fucks into him. His cock is still soft, but he reacts to the pleasure like it's electric. Like it shocks him every time.

"*God, Billy, please,*" he gasps between sounds and then dissolves into a mess of writhing, sobbing desperation. "*Please, please, please.*"

Billy doesn't know if he even has to touch Steve -- but nothing could *stop* him, at this point. It's like he's obsessed. So he gets his fingers nice and slick again and slips a hand between them, sliding his fingers over Steve's length, pushing it through his fingers in time with each of his thrusts.

"You're so goddamn *pretty*," Billy tells him.

Steve's pretty all the goddamn time, but like this? With tears in his eyes and a broken sound to his voice? Billy doesn't even know what to *do* with him.

It takes some patience, some perseverance, for Steve to fill out again. Not fully, not completely, but there's a firmness to him as Billy fucks into him, as he plays with him with a slick hand.

Steve is a mess beneath him. *Lost* to sensation. Gone and weak and surrendering to Billy's mercy.

Billy doesn't have much mercy.

As Billy angles his hips, sliding a hand up the back of Steve's thigh to spread him out so he can bury in deeper, harder, *faster*-- Steve comes with a shout. Seizes up and doesn't even ejaculate, orgasm ripping through him as his head strains back and his eyes roll back. Gasps in silent, shallow breaths as Billy fucks him through it.

It's so fast, so unanticipated Billy nearly laughs, proud and delighted.

Steve is *beautiful* when he comes. When Billy gets him broken like this. It's hard not to just watch him, to keep fucking Steve through it, stroking him until the aftershocks turn into oversensitivity, until Steve jerks and whimpers with every touch Billy gives him. But Billy lets go eventually, lets Steve *breathe*, huge and wet breaths that sounds nearly close to tears.

"So good," Billy pants, picking up his pace as he fucks into Steve's tightness. "*So goddamn good for me.*"

"Billy," Steve rasps, and then his voice pitches higher as Billy *takes him*. "*Billy--*"

He body is a constant spasm of heat. An exhaustive flutter of pleasure mounting on pleasure mounting on pleasure.

"Oh, *god*," Steve tosses his head back, hands falling, shaking as he clutches the sheets, as Billy moves, and tears slip easy and lovely from his eyes. "*Ohgodohgod, Billy.*"

And *god* if that doesn't urge Billy on, pushing him forward. Steve's voice is music, a siren song to all of Billy's instincts.

He could stop, he could try and race his way toward orgasm -- but Billy's second is always harder to find. So he takes his *time* with it, because he *can*, because he likes the way Steve sounds each time he snaps his hips forward.

Steve rocks with the motion of it. He's dazed, scrambling for something to anchor onto outside of the haze of bliss. Clutching at the sheets, sweat glistening on his skin, *crying* as Billy drives in, a wail bleeding into a low, keening whimper as he *takes* what Billy's

giving him.

Billy eats it up. Dipping forward to catch Steve's lips in a kiss, tongue lapping up all of those little broken noises Steve gifts him.

He shouldn't like this so much, he knows -- but he does. *God*, he does.

Each moan, each whine, tastes like melted sugar. Hot and breathy against Billy's tongue as Steve claws down his back. Just the right amount of *bite* with his bliss.

"Please," Steve says, turning his face away to try and catch his breath, hiccuping and choking on it. "Please, Billy, I can't-- *I can't, I can't.*"

And Billy? Doesn't exactly believe that.

Even though he's getting closer and closer to his own orgasm, there's a hint to Steve's voice that speaks to pleasure still shooting through him. To the *potential*.

"I think that's a *lie*, baby," Billy says.

He can't *help* but touch Steve, can't help but get a hand between them to thumb over the head of Steve's dick, just *playing* with him as he fucks into Steve hard, no mercy. He makes sure to angle his hips just so, knowing Steve's body well enough to know how to get him to *sing*.

Steve bows up, shakes, *thrashes*. He goes impossibly *tighter*, almost painfully so, face going completely slack as ecstasy *burns* between them.

He jerks, hips stuttering, cock leaking. Jerks again and practically *screams*, crying out as Billy plays his body perfectly. Sobs as his head shakes back and forth, as his muscles give, as the fight drains and he's left *broken*, left pliant, left *used*.

Billy's hot on his heels, body keyed up and nerves singing with the way Steve clenches and spasms around him. He spills into Steve's warmth with one last drive of his hips and collapses down on him, burying his face into Steve's neck, pressing a litany of kisses to fever hot skin.

Steve is completely lax. Used up and fucked out. His breath comes heavy and slow, tremors quaking up through him as Billy weighs him down.

When Billy finally looks, Steve's still in a daze, eyes unfocused and face wet.

Not quite asleep -- but not quite awake, either.

"You're fucking *perfect*," Billy tells him, way too blissed to keep the admiration and affection from his voice. "You did so good."

Steve makes a soft noise, blinking slow, and he gives a little, absent nod.

Carefully and slowly, Billy slides himself out of Steve. Inch by inch, giving him space and time. When he's out, he still presses Steve down with his body, curling over him, face at Steve's throat.

Steve's *too good* for him. Too trusting, too perfect, too beautiful.

They stay there, just like that, for a while. Breathing and settling against one another.

Then, Steve tucks his nose against Billy's hair, throat clicking when he swallows. "Squishing me," he mumbles.

"You saying I'm fat?" Billy murmurs, but he doesn't get up. Just shifts his weight around so he's less on Steve's chest and his lungs, and more just pressing him down against the bed. Refusing, blatantly, to move away.

For Steve's sake, obviously.

Steve shakes his head, once, barely keeping his eyes open as he pulls one of Billy's arms around him with a weak hand. "Not fat. Just heavy."

Billy hums. "Whatever you say, baby," he says, turning a little to the side so he can pull Steve close, tuck him right up against Billy's belly.

Steve curls into him, eyes falling heavy again. Slumping into Billy's

hold and sighing.

It speaks to how tired he is, how gone, that he doesn't complain about the slick and sweat still on his skin. Or wrinkle his nose at come between his legs or on his stomach.

Billy's sure he'll catch hell tomorrow for it. But he doesn't want to get up now to deal with it, doesn't want to leave Steve here. The idea of *not* touching him is painful, leaves his chest feeling like a yawning, empty place lives inside.

"Sleep," Billy says, nose in Steve's hair, though he's half sure he's too late already.

When he hears the telltale snuffle of Steve's snoring, he smiles and knows he was right.

Author's Note:

Songs and shit:

Must've Been - Chromeo ft. DRAM

Electric Feel- MGMT

The less I know the better - tame impala

Shameless - the weeknd